And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And ſay, Commend me to my valiant brother:
And more he would haue ſpoke, and more he ſaide,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſht for the ſound,
And ſo the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.
He dyes.
Oxf. Come Noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreate be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be forewarn'd, and ſaue themſelues by flight.
That done, with them weell poſte vnto the Queene,
And once more try our fortune in the field.
Exit ambo.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with Soldiers.

Edw. Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmil'd vpon vs all.
But in this cleare and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious clowd appeare,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames;
I meane thoſe pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Somerſet are fled to her,
And 'tis likely, if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertiſde by our louing friends,
That they do hold their courſe towardes Tewksbury:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way:

And in euery Country as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengths ſhall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we ſlacke this bright ſummers day,
Sharpe winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerſet, with Drum and Soldiors.

Queene. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Somerſet*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our ſailes abroad,
and though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
and *Warwicke* as our maine Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raiſe you that ſturdie poſte,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt,
and *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heeretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need entice another,
and ſo withdraw the ſoldiours hearts from vs.
I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preaſe in the thickeſt throngs,
and ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guard,
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my body as witneſſe of my thoughts,
Oxf. Women and children of ſo high reſolue,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiſt thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

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